

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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London
April 15, 1942



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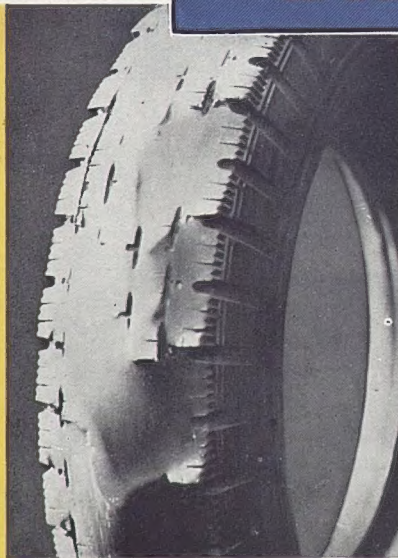
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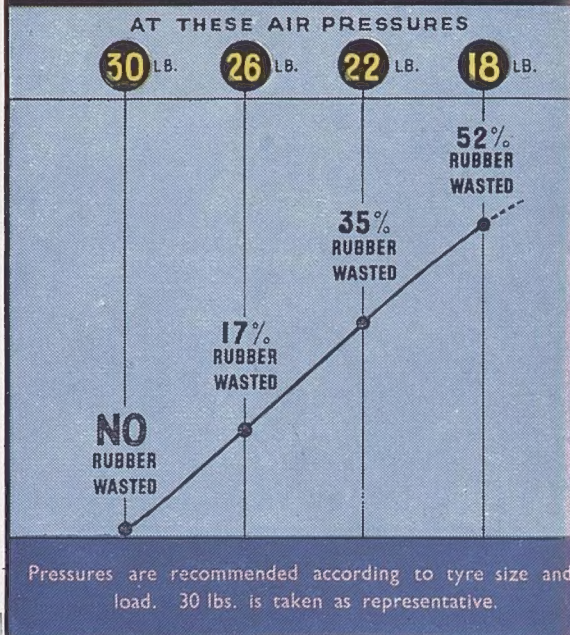
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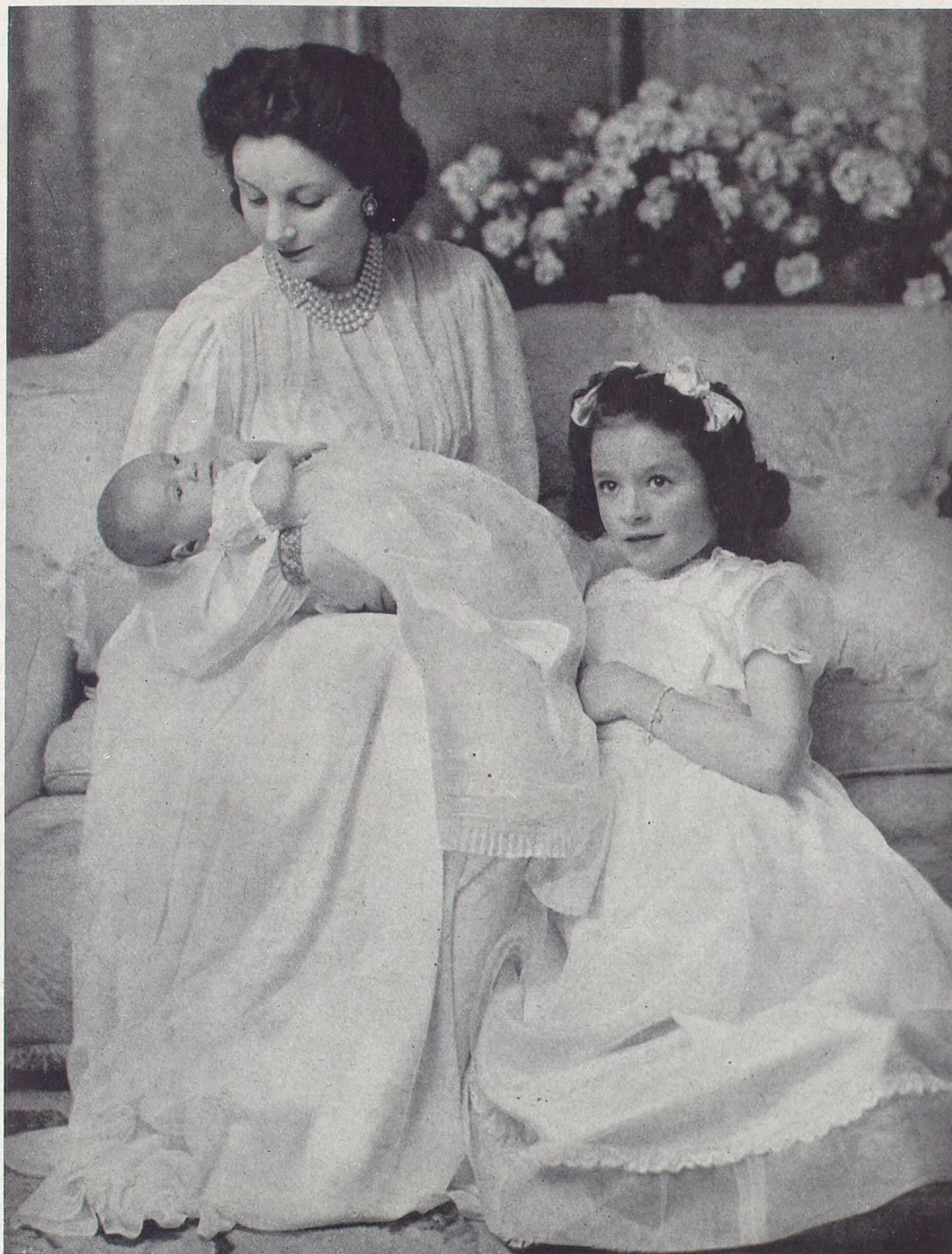
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APRIL 15, 1942

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The Countess of Haddington and Her Children

Viscount Binning, the son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Haddington, was born on December 21, 1941, and his sister, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, is eight years old. Lady Haddington, formerly Miss Sarah Cook of Montreal, met her husband when he was on the staff of the Governor-General of Canada, and they were married in 1923. Her sister married the Earl of Minto in 1921. Lord Haddington was invalided home from France with pneumonia while serving in the Royal Tank Corps early in the war.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Planning for Victory

EXPERIENCE has taught us that we may expect interesting developments whenever Mr. Harry Hopkins comes from Washington to London. No other man is so close to President Roosevelt, and on each of his several visits since the outbreak of war he has been able to give us a clear insight into the President's mind. He paved the way for the "Atlantic Charter" meeting, he warned us when and how America would get into the war, and he helped us to understand the mind and needs of Stalin. When he arrived in London last week accompanied by the Chief of the American General Staff, General Marshall, it was his first visit since the United States were actively engaged in hostilities. "Harry" is already intimate with "Winston." They have sat up and talked together until hours of the morning far beyond the normal bedtime of a none-too-robust Mr. Hopkins.

For General Marshall this is a first visit during a second World War. He gives a first-class impression, hard-cut of feature, tall, frank and friendly in approach, incisive and quick in reply. The combination of personalities made it plain for all to see that the President wanted to talk strategy in a big way with the British. And today strategy means planned distribution of man-power, fighting machines, and produce of the factories alike. The course of the war this year will be directly affected by the talks which started in Downing Street last Wednesday.

Defence of India

A PART from Sir Stafford Cripps's own considerable efforts to secure agreement in India on the basis of the British proposals it is evident that valuable help was given both by General Sir Archibald Wavell and President Roosevelt's special representative, Colonel Louis Johnson. On a number of occasions since this war began we have had proof that Sir Archibald Wavell is something more than a good soldier. Like the Duke of Wellington he is also something of a statesman. We had occasion to notice this during the campaigns in Italian East Africa. We have seen it in his dealings with King Farouk in Egypt, and most recently while he was Allied Supreme Commander in the ABCD area with headquarters in the Dutch East Indies.

I doubt whether any other senior British commander could have succeeded in gaining the goodwill of all those directly and anxiously concerned in the defence of Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. Nor does Sir Archibald's personal prestige among those peoples seem to have suffered from the fact that the defence did not succeed. Probably it was widely recognised that the fate of all that area had been sealed in advance; that no commander brought in at the last moment could have turned the scales without the men and the ships and the planes. Sir Archibald has told us himself that the reinforcements despatched to him arrived five weeks too late.

Anglo-American Unity

IN the Indian negotiations General Wavell's task must have been peculiarly difficult. He

was aware how greatly the War Cabinet in London hoped that it would be possible to secure a greater measure of unity throughout the Indian Empire on the basis of the generous proposals they put forward. The crux of the matter lay in the degree of responsibility which could be handed over to India in organisation of defence. We may be sure that Sir Archibald was prepared to go to the limit in meeting this political aspiration of the Indian leaders. But with him rested the decision as to how far he could delegate control without risking to endanger the safety of the Empire, for which he was responsible.

From the moment when the British proposals were published the attitude of the United States was entirely helpful. In India, as in Australia and New Zealand, the readiness of America to join with the British Empire in fully co-ordinated schemes of defence has been the most encouraging feature of the war so far in 1942. At each stage it was evident that Colonel Johnson was throwing his weight into the scales on the British side, both urging Indians not to reject the proposals and promising in precise terms the extent of help which American would give to India's physical defence.

Roosevelt and De Gaulle

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's decision to recognise the Fighting French authority throughout Equatorial Africa and to send a Consul-General to the capital, Brazzaville, marks a long step towards giving enhanced status to the movement for the renaissance of France started by General de Gaulle immediately after the Armistice. America now recognises and deals officially with the de Gaulliste French authorities throughout the Pacific

archipelago, and in all that great tract of Central Africa which stretches from the Atlantic seaboard to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

For the moment Washington has remained content to accept the assurances of Vichy that Madagascar, which occupies so important a strategic position off the south-east coast of Africa, will not become a base for anti-Allied operations by the Axis.

Many months ago Madagascar might have been persuaded to transfer its allegiance from Vichy to the Fighting French authority. Had that step been encouraged, there would now have been no need to rely on the dubious undertaking of Vichy for security of an outpost which can now threaten the Allied flank in the Indian Ocean.

From Arctic to Equator

WITH his appointment as Consul-General to Brazzaville, Mr. Maynard Barnes gets what may well prove to be one of the most important posts in the American foreign service. In addition he is returning to an old love; the French. Mr. Barnes was one of the last American diplomats to leave Paris. He was detailed to remain as Charge d'Affaires in the American Embassy, and was there as the German troops entered the city. With him was Mr. Bernard Carter, now head of the American Red Cross in London. That was at the time when Mr. William Bullitt, the Ambassador, tried to buy the Hotel Crillon outright to prevent it falling into the hands of the Germans. The suggestion originated with the management of the hotel and was brought to Mr. Bullitt by Maynard Barnes, who added that the price asked was only one dollar. I daresay Mr. Bullitt would have paid a higher sum, but in any event he promptly agreed. Unfortunately the plan did not work.

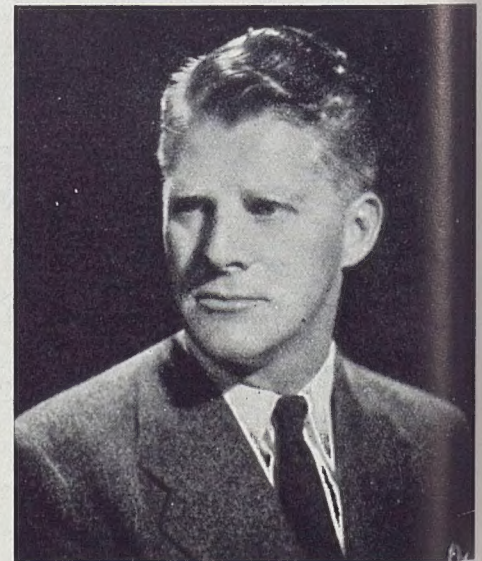
The occupying forces insisted that they must have the Crillon for the German Staff, and needless to say they got it. Mr. Barnes goes to Brazzaville from Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, which will mark a fairly violent change of climate for him. Perhaps he will see the wisdom of breaking the journey in England. This would have obvious



Bassano

Two New Members of Parliament

Mr. Ivor Thomas, Keighley's new Labour M.P., was the only candidate for the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. H. B. Lees-Smith. He is Welsh, and a well-known international runner and Oxford Blue



Harley

Mr. Denis Kendall, recently elected as Independent Member for Grantham, is a Yorkshireman. He went to sea at fourteen, was in Russia during the Revolution, and has done production work in America and in France, and started a factory employing five thousand workers in Grantham

advantages, not the least of which would be the opportunity to discuss his new mission with General de Gaulle and the French National Committee in London. Incidentally I shall not be surprised if General de Gaulle decides to make another trip to Brazzaville himself a little later, but first there are administrative questions which will call for his continued presence in London for some weeks to come.

Pétain and Laval

SURPRISING stories have been circulating recently on the supposed nature of a new series of conversations between Laval and Marshal Pétain. In varying forms these tried to imply that Laval had gone to Pétain to warn him of a plot to overthrow his authority and to set up in its place a more fully collaborationist "government" in Paris.

It seems to me unlikely that Laval would be at any special pains to save the marshal, although he may well have been intriguing to get a new post for himself. Laval is not likely to forget how Pétain got rid of him from the Vichy Government early in its life.

At that time Laval and Pétain were working together in reasonable harmony. For certain reasons they considered it desirable to make changes in the Cabinet personnel. Pétain, however, shrunk from the unpleasant task of sending for certain ministers and asking for their resignation. Laval pointed out to him that the customary procedure was for the head of the government to call for the resignation of all his ministers, to facilitate reconstruction, and then to summon again only those ministers whom he wished to retain.

A few days later a Cabinet Council was in progress when the marshal entered the room, declared that the meeting should now be transformed into a Council of Ministers, explained his wish for reconstruction, and handed to each minister present a slip of paper for signature in the form of a letter of resignation. All signed dutifully and handed back their letters to the marshal, who immediately returned them to each minister present with the sole exception of Laval. That worthy was, not unnaturally, highly

indignant, not only at his dismissal, but also because the marshal had acted on his own advice as to the method and without a word of warning had turned it against his adviser. This story, which is completely authentic, throws interesting light on the character and mentality of Pétain.

Propaganda in Americas

OFF to South America is Sir Eugen Millington Drake, our Minister in Monte Video at the time of the *Graf Spee* battle who then won a notable diplomatic victory over his opposite number, the German Minister, and thus forced the *Graf Spee* out to sea and her ignoble end. "Millers," as he has been known since he rowed in the Oxford boat, has been seconded by the Foreign Office to the British Council to act as that body's roving representative in Latin-America. It is a big job, as the South American countries were never more in need of objective information as to our way of life and the value of our civilisation. Though the Council cannot, of course, be expected to counter the political propaganda carried out by the Axis powers—a propaganda which has already once brought many Latin-American countries to the very verge of concerted Fascist rebellion—its long term work of objective interpretation is of the utmost value now, and will be of extreme importance after the war.

Sir Eugen's is an admirable appointment. He is an enthusiast—sometimes almost disconcertingly so—but that is a quality which is as popular in Latin-America as it is sometimes ill-received in Whitehall. Certainly a friend who has just come from South America tells me that the name "Millington Drake" is one to conjure with. After all a complete government and a crowd of 60,000 on the quaysides to see you off—as the Montevideans did Sir Eugen—is a fair appreciation of the success of a mission. Such gestures as leaping into the ring to spar with the heavyweight champion of Uruguay when the challenger at a boxing tournament in aid of the British Red Cross failed to turn up, were greeted with enormous enthusiasm—the native Montevidean setting little store by the conventions beloved of official London. "Millers" should be a success.



Shafesbury's Warship Week Opening

Admiral Sir Dudley North took the salute at a march past on the opening day of Shafesbury's Warship Week. Others in the picture are Colonel Norris, Alderman Milverton, Councillor R. Pearson (Mayor of Shafesbury), Alderman R. W. Borley, the Rev. H. H. Coley and Mr. Herbert Porter. The Admiral is an Extra Equerry to the King



Johnson, Oxford

A Gift From Durban

Four hundred pounds sent by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hackner of Durban to the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund provided this utility van for the use of Bullington R.D.C. The presentation was made outside Rhodes House, Oxford, and amongst those assisting at it were Mrs. Wrightson, Mrs. Cecil Rolt, Mr. J. G. Hansard, Mrs. Carter, the Hon. Mrs. C. F. Sturrock and the Hon. W. Holland-Hibbert



The Leader of the Volontaires Francaises

Four months ago Captain Hélène Terré took over the command of the Volontaires Francaises, equivalent of our A.T.S. They were formerly known as the Corps Feminin, under the command of Mme. Mathieu. Captain Terré, third from left, who is here seen with some members of the Corps, was awarded the Croix de Guerre for service with the French troops during the first year of the war. She escaped to this country in September, 1940



Johnson, Oxford

An Art Exhibition at Oxford

Professor Stanislaw Stronski, Polish Minister of Information, and Dr. Juraj Slavik, Czech Minister of the Interior and Education, opened an exhibition of Czech and Polish art at Oxford recently. They were introduced by Dr. Parker (on the right), keeper of the Department of the Fine Arts at the Ashmolean Museum, where the exhibition was held

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

Daulette, Claudette, Marlene

ACCORDING to the informative, not to say garrulous programme circulated at the trade show, *Reap the Wild Wind* (Plaza)

"deals with America's fight to whip a little island empire of pirate wreckers who ruled the strategic Florida keys a century ago. That was before the railroad era, when the sea route upon which these wreckers preyed was the life-line of the nation, linking the rich Mississippi Valley with industrial New England. The period is 1840, and the story has a curiously pointed bearing upon history now in the making. It tells of the freedom of the seas, of ships and storms and the salvage trade, of men and women. It moves from Charleston, the elegant, to Key West, palm-fanned and polyglot capital of the Florida keys, laden with the loot of a thousand wrecks; from there to sea, under sail; finally down to the coral-decked sea floor. The picture takes its title from the business of salvage masters, who, fighting hurricanes to save lives and cargoes from wrecked ships, literally reap their harvest from the wild wind."

Actually the film is all about Paulette Goddard, which is very nice for (a) P.G., and (b) P.G.'s fans.

WHAT a busy girl is Paulette, and how she enjoys taking the centre of the stage, and drawing attention to herself, and giving herself

airs, and generally behaving, doubtless in strict accordance with the director's instructions, like an upper housemaid who can't decide between the footman and the second chauffeur. Is the date 1840? Yes, but the mincings and floutings, the head-tossings and hoity-toitings are immune from period restriction. Paulette, in this film, takes part in a fight with a murderous lot of sailors, dismantles a schooner's rigging with a hatchet, is spanked and thrown overboard, and never stops talking in that unmelodious voice of which she alone never tires.

There came a moment when it seemed likely that the two men who were tearing themselves in half for her—actually she was tearing herself in two for one of them—that Ray Milland and John Wayne would be shanghai'd on to a whaler, which seemed to offer respite from Miss Goddard. But we had reckoned without Cecil B. De Mille, whose production this is, and who apparently holds that any foot of celluloid that is not devoted to Paulette's beck, nod, smile, or little finger is a foot wasted. If you happen to like Paulette you will, of course, like this film very much. You may, however, resent the end where a giant squid, which is an octopus only more so, steals the picture from Paulette.

Reap the Wild Wind is in Technicolor, and also, I submit, in Techninoise—which means too much of both colour and noise. It may be that in a storm at sea you can't make yourself heard. But why shout so loud that, in the cinema, nobody can hear a word you say? I found the first ten minutes of this picture quite unbearable. And why engage to play rival rôles two film actors as much alike as Milland and Payne? From beginning to end I never knew whether the young man for whom Paulette was doing her stuff was the rough diamond who loved her or the husky she loved.

A COMPLETE contrast is *Remember the Day* (Odeon) which is sloppily sentimental throughout. This is a film in which every one is in love; a young schoolmaster and schoolmistress with each other, a little boy with the schoolmistress, and a little girl with the little boy. The period is that of the last war, and we see the lovers parted and the husband killed in action. Then the widow grows older, goes on teaching and takes to spectacles. Later, somewhere near our own time, she hears that the little boy who once adored her is now become a great man, yea, is in the running for nothing less than the Presidency of the United States.

I must confess that the orgy of sentiment having by this time worn a little thin, I thought this dazzling climax to the little boy's career a bit thick; but it served the purpose of re-introducing him as a tall handsome man with, of course, a beauteous wife. In fact the little girl grown up. For the cinema, though not in the strictest sense Darwinian, yet believes in the survival of the fittest.

For those who like what is popularly known as "a good cry" this hour-and-a-half of undiluted sob-stuff will please; though I cannot quite subscribe to the ecstatic yawns on

the programme describing this harmless little love story as one "destined to be one of the screen's greatest dramas" and "a picture of such depth, such feeling, such wide emotional scope that it cannot fail to have universal audience appeal."

But the acting is excellent. Once again Claudette Colbert is her clever, witty and typically Parisian self: indeed, there are moments in this film when she reminds one of any French actress and thus gives us a glimmer of that distinction, at once so brittle and so elegant, which is characteristic of the France that was and will be again. The boy is admirably portrayed by Master Douglas Craft, who has the toughness and some of the charm of the earlier Mickey Rooney. It is a pity these clever children grow up: Peter Pan ought to have told us how to prevent it.

Man Power (Warner) is a re-statement of that old thing about the pure-minded café-singer, in a clip-joint, who falls for the sentimental, chivalrous, middle-aged man who wants to make a good girl of her, but falls in a prosaic and strictly sensible way. In a year or two there will be nothing before her except the streets or the water-side brothel; she gives herself in exchange for security, not happiness.

But then, of course, she falls in love, and who should the man be but her husband's best friend? But the young woman's natural decency being postulated, it follows that we are in for a hell of an emotional disturbance—the new passion and the desire to give the husband a square deal. As old as the hills? Probably. And certainly as old as that good play, *They Knew What They Wanted*.

IN a film of this sort the point is not the plot but the actors. Hollywood is full of noodles and ninnies who would have made this well-worn stuff utterly boring. Not so Edward Robinson (good) and George Raft (better), whose performances have that kind of compulsion which makes you think that you are seeing them for the first time. Marlene is the third in this admirable trio, and with an extraordinary sense of theatre—or film—she is content to play her rôle at half-cock, as it were. The part is that of a rather dull draggle-tail, and Marlene is content to give it just as much glamour as it will stand and no more. What a good actress!

The story is set amid the telegraph poles and wires of California, which permits of an ending Zolaesque in its realism and brutality.

Woven into the story of Loxi and her two lovers is the story of Loxi's red-haired cousin from Havana, Drusilla Alston (Susan Hayward), and of her love for Dan (Robert Preston)



Claudette Colbert and John Payne
in "Remember the Day"

Once again we are introduced to our leading lady only when she has already reached sensible middle-age. It is through her eyes, that we trace, in memory, the story of the film: of the young schoolteacher, Nan Trinell (Claudette Colbert) who loves and marries Dan Hopkins (John Payne) a fellow teacher; of Dan's death in France in the last war; of Nan's life of self-sacrifice for her pupils; and of her final reward when one of her old pupils, Dewey Roberts (John Shepperd) stands for election as President of the United States



Hollywood Remakes American History of the Nineteenth Century



Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn
as General Custer and His Bride



They Died With Their Boots On (Coming to Warner Theatre)

Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland are together again in this highly dramatic version of the life and adventures of General George Armstrong Custer, one of the most amazing characters ever to serve in the United States Army. The film opens with the arrival of young George Custer at West Point. It ends with the vindication of his honour after the famous Last Stand of the 7th Cavalry at Little Big Horn, Montana, on June 25, 1876, when Custer and his entire regiment were wiped out by the Sioux. The film is directed by Raoul Walsh. Supporting players include Arthur Kennedy, Charley Grapewin and Gene Lockhart

"Reap The Wild Wind"



As Loxi Claiborne, a Charleston belle, Paulette Goddard has the most important screen opportunity of her career. She takes an active part in the fight against the piratical wreckers, is spanked by Steve (Ray Milland), weathers a hurricane, and is thrown overboard into the sea from the deck of a sailing ship

Reap The Wild Wind (Plaza), produced and directed by Cecil B. De Mille, takes its title from the business of salvage masters who, fighting hurricanes to save lives and cargoes from wrecked ships, literally reap their harvest from the wild wind. It tells a story of the seas, of ships and storms, of the salvage trade and of men and women. And particularly of one woman, Loxi Claiborne (Paulette Goddard) and of two men who loved her, Captain Jack Stuart (John Wayne) and Stephen Tolliver (Ray Milland). The film is taken from Thelma Strabel's novel of the same title, originally published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is Paulette Goddard's second picture under De Mille's direction; her first was *North West Mounted Police*

Dan (Drusilla's lover) is the younger brother of King Cutler, "king of the keys," a part played by Raymond Massey. Dan is shot and dies in the arms of Loxi (Paulette Goddard, Robert Preston, and Ray Milland)



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Maid of the Mountains (Coliseum)

THESE famous old musical comedies have a way with them. It's not so much a swagger as a simple faith in their power to please. "We delighted your fathers," they seem to say; "and if you don't care much for the words, just listen to the tunes." Not all of them, of course, would have weathered a quarter of a century of fickle fashion as bravely as this, or would come up so tunelessly smiling.

The serio-comic ritual follows a familiar formula. Only bigots, perhaps, would declare the libretto a masterpiece of dramatic finesse. The story it tells is obligingly discursive and amiably implausible. The narrative tension is seldom so marked, or the action so closely knit, as to resent lyrical and low-comedy intrusions. Nor is the verbal wit so bright as to out-dazzle the limelight that floods the chromatic scenery.

The venue is various and disarmingly anonymous. Vaguely Iberian, it has echoes of both Mexico and Spain, with sartorial touches of what might be the Tyrol. Let us call it Transpontia, land of craggy heights, and rock-strewn gorges, of gloomy caves and sun-filled patios, where the skies are navy blue, and the brilliant flora puts to shame the pictures in the seed-vendor's catalogue.

TERESA, the maid of these mountains, is no shy oread, but a girl with a heart of gold. She is kind, she is chaste, she sings like a lark. Moreover, she is loyal to the death to as mixed and melodious a choir of banditti as ever shared eyries with eagles, and swooped, between carousal and chorus, to plunder the plains. She cooks, she darns for them and, like Wendy in that other never-never-land, she mothers them all impartially.

Yet Teresa has her secret, which she keeps from them, but not from us. She loves. For her, Baldassarre, the bandit chief, has the tantalising fascination that Peter had for Wendy

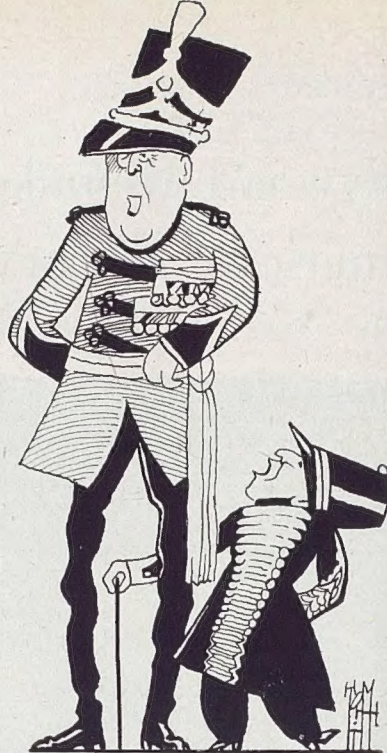
and Orsino for Viola. But though she hints at it as often as maiden modesty may, and as tunelessly as an expert soprano can, this bold but obtuse desperado simply will not realise that she's his for the asking.

For three acts this obtuseness makes her both sad and glad, and drives her eventually almost mad. She does not tell her love to any purpose, indeed, until every song has been sung, every torment of jealousy endured, and the final curtain gives her the tardy cue.

TERESA, you may remember, was originally endowed with Miss Jose Collins's robust vivacity and turbulent fire. That was in the middle of the last war. She it was who first launched those mounting arias which, for twenty-six years, have found echoes in a million hearts. They are excellent songs that repay good singing. Miss Sylvia Cecil, Teresa's present proxy, gives them the full benefit of the grand-opera doubt, without prejudice to their vaudeville setting. And when she soars into alt, connoisseurs at the Coliseum sit back and let the dead past disinter its dreams.

Not so Baldassarre. Though a fine Jacobean figure of a bandit, he is no vocalist, and does not sing—much. He depends, not on his singing voice to dominate the mountains and his myrmidons, but on the Shakespearean authority and histrionic experience of Mr. Malcolm Keen. They serve him well. Mr. Keen is every inch an actor, and warms Baldassarre's somewhat chill recitative with dramatic fire.

The low comedy of the piece has grown a bit shy with the passage of time. And despite Mr. Sonnie Hale's forthright attack, and the collusive arts of Miss Elsie Randolph, some of the period quips are inclined to cling to the past. Yet when these two practised comedians get together in song and dance, or tearfully combine in connubial lament, the result is as amusingly absurd as such light relief need be.



The resplendent figure of General Malona and his satellite Crumpet (Davy Burnaby and Bert Randall)

WE were delighted to meet—in the raspberry-coloured regalia of the Governor to whom poor Teresa, maddened by jealousy, betrays her Baldassarre—our old co-optimistic friend, Mr. Davy Burnaby. Apart from his official confection, twinkling orders and detachable medals, Mr. Burnaby makes few concessions to the dignity of office. His diction is as idiosyncratic as of old, his smile no less avuncular, and he still can point a light fantastic toe.

The Governor's fair daughter—the last straw that breaks the back of Teresa's restraint—is evidently High School trained. She can ogle and lisp with any Co-ed, while teaching the simple bandit the language of love with flowers.

Not a show for the cognoscenti, perhaps, who may favour the classics now being sung at the New Theatre across the way. But for playgoers with less exclusive memories and tastes, a revival as welcome as well-timed.



Love will find a way, sings the maid, loudly applauded by Baldassarre to the embarrassment of Beppo (Malcolm Keen, Sylvia Cecil and Dan Noble)

Comic relief is provided by Vittoria and Tonia, an accomplished team of laughter-makers (Elsie Randolph and Sonnie Hale)

"Blithe Spirit"

Four Companies Present Noel Coward's Improbable Farce

Four companies are now presenting *Blithe Spirit*. There is the London company, consisting of Fay Compton, Kay Hammond, Margaret Rutherford and Cecil Parker, which has been going strong at the Piccadilly Theatre since July last. There is also Ronald Squire's company (pictured on this page), with Irene Brown, Ursula Jeans, Agnes Lauchlan and Ronald Squire himself, which has been seen in Brighton, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, etc., and is this week playing in Nottingham. And, farther afield, in America, two more companies are finding *Blithe Spirit* a profitable production. In New York the parts created by Cecil Parker, Fay Compton and Kay Hammond are played by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood and Leonora Corbett, and in Chicago by Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton and Annabella, the French film-star



The first Mrs. Condomine, now deceased. Ursula Jeans as Elvira, the part created by Kay Hammond

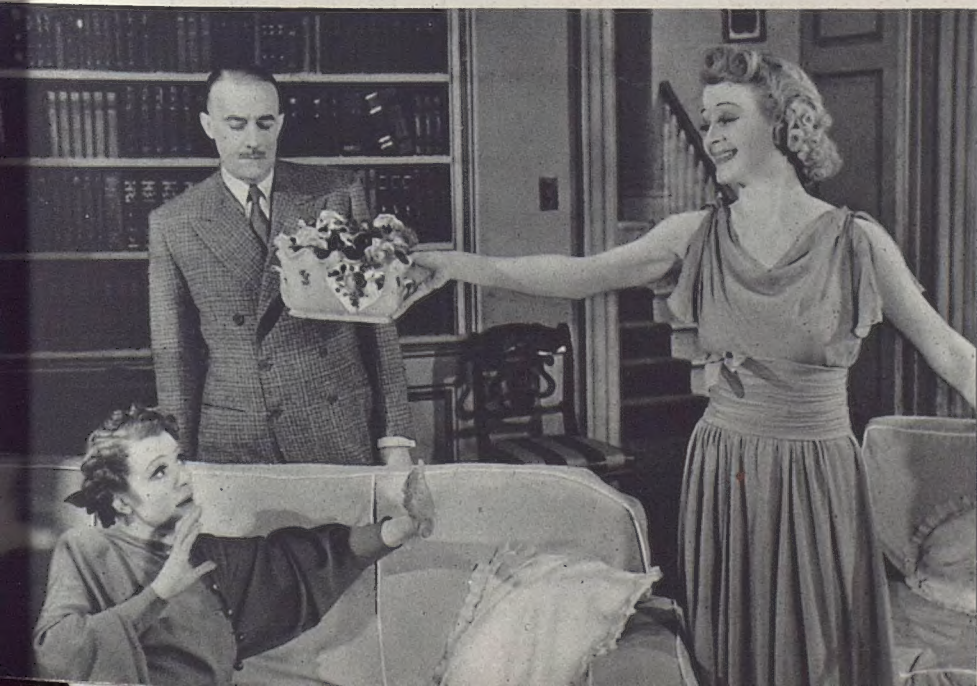


Charles: "My tongue's not coated—look at it"

Ruth: "I've not the least desire to look at your tongue.
Kindly put it in again"

Ronald Squire as Charles Condomine and Irene Brown as Ruth, his second wife:
the parts played by Cecil Parker and Fay Compton in the London production

Charles convinces Ruth that his first wife is in the room by persuading
the "unseen presence" to carry a bowl of flowers across the room



"Sit down, Mr. Condomine, but don't put your fingers in the pepper. One triangle, one half-circle and one little dot—there!"

Agnes Lauchlan plays the middle-aged medium, Madame Arcati,
portrayed so effectively in London by Margaret Rutherford

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Royal Estates

DURING his few days in the country, his Majesty took advantage of the opportunity to look into the affairs of some of his private estates. Not very many people realise that the King, entirely apart from his official position, has all the responsibilities and duties—which are heavy—of a large landowner. He has so little time in the ordinary way to attend to such matters that he welcomes talks with his land agents, long walks about his properties, talks with the estate workers, inspections of farm buildings, and so on, as a real holiday enjoyment, whenever he has the chance.

Just now, of course, the royal estates, like all others in their varying degrees, are being run on a strictly utilitarian basis, to provide as much extra food of every possible kind as they can. The tables at Buckingham Palace would be very much emptier if it were not for the supplies that come from the royal lands—though rationed foods, like butter and meat, are emphatically *not* more plentiful on the royal tables than elsewhere.

Running the financial side of the King's estates, incidentally, is one of the many important and intricate jobs which fall to tall, ex-Guardee Sir Ulick Alexander as Keeper of the King's Privy Purse.

Missing at St. Nazaire

MAJOR CLIVE BURN, the Secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall, is one of many parents uncertain about the fate of their sons after the recent highly successful raid on St. Nazaire, I hear. His son Michael, who was one of the first to volunteer for the Commandos when they were originally formed, led one of the landing parties, and has not been heard of since.

Before the war Michael was a well-known figure in Fleet Street. He accompanied the King and Queen on their Canadian and American tour as special correspondent for *The Times*, and the excellence of his dispatches covering the visit attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic. He went into Fleet Street without any backing or influence by his father, and won to his front-rank post entirely on his own merits. When war came, he left his newspaper job at once for the Army.

Sixteenth Birthday

NEXT week sees a royal event of some importance which can, with censorship approval, be discussed in advance—the sixteenth birthday of the Heiress-Presumptive, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, who was born on April 21st, 1926. As with all royal birthdays during the war, there will be no elaborate ceremonies or official functions to mark the day, though one or two interesting announcements may be made. The Princess is within two years of her majority, since legally royalty comes of age at eighteen.

Had the world not gone awry, the Princess would, I believe, have gone over the Channel to add to her knowledge of French. As it is, once a week there is an all-French day in the royal schoolroom, and the Princess often converses with her mother in the language, which the Queen speaks remarkably well, and with such a pure accent that a wounded Free French soldier, hearing her, said, with Gallic charm: "It makes one happy inside to hear her voice."

Yugoslav Tea Dance

THE "Kola" which we all danced at the Yugoslav *thé dansant* was quite exciting because of its novelty. It is a Yugoslav national dance, and fortunately proved very

simple, being just a swaying step-to-the-right and step-to-the-left sort of thing, with joined hands in a large circle. There was a pretty tinkling tune, too. Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky took part in it, wearing the national dress, as did several others. Her sister-in-law, good-looking Lady Beauchamp, ran a houp-là stall, and seemed to do be doing great work. She was very smart in a little shiny black straw sailor hat, topped with a bunch of white flowers. In fact, there was a goodly display of flowers, to supply the spring-like touch. Lady George Cholmondeley wore a headband all of white flowers, and Lady Dashwood had some decking her little hat. She was chaperoning her girl Sarah, and Mrs. George Rendel had a party for her daughter, Rosemary.

National Defence Luncheon

GENERAL DE GAULLE is always a great draw, and the lunch in his honour given by the National Defence Public Interest Committee was very crowded. As usual the General spoke in French, and this necessitated translations of his speech being handed round to the various tables. He is such a contrast to the generally accepted French type, being more than six-foot tall, very quiet and restrained, and scarcely using any gesture at all! There were the usual regular supports of these lunches, such as the Hon. Mrs. Donough O'Brien, who did not need to read the translation as she has perfect French. She wore an imposing grey hat of Cossack shape. Other "regulars" were Violet, Lady Melchett; Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme and Lady Ravensdale, whose black hat had red and black chiffon streamers wound round it. She was talking to Mrs. Elinor Glyn and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. Red was also the chief note of handsome Lady Abingdon's outfit. She was with Lady Moncreiffe.

War Workers

NURSING looks like being a favourite profession with many girls for that "after the war" time to which all look forward with a good deal of speculation. Lady Jowitt's Penelope is one who, though she is now a V.A.D., intends to take up nursing professionally. The Hon. Rosemary Croft ("Posy" to her friends) is another. She has already done two years of her training, so has only one more



Mrs. Hartogs was walking one morning with Lady Newborough and the latter's dog (judging by the leash she carries). Lord Newborough's second wife is a Yugoslav, and is the daughter of Mr. Lazar Braun



Lunchtime Strollers in a London Street

Mrs. John B. Fitzgerald also took her poodle for an outing. She is the wife of Captain J. B. Fitzgerald, nephew of the twenty-first Knight of Kerry. He is in the Irish Guards



Wing Commander Sir John and Lady Milbanke were taking a pre-lunch stroll just off Piccadilly. Lady Milbanke is the daughter of the late Mr. Harry Chisholm, of Sydney, New South Wales, and was formerly Lady Loughborough

year to go. Lady Ursula Manners, the elder and unmarried daughter of the Duchess of Rutland, is busy in quite another direction. She is welfare supervisor in a factory.

Farewell Party

CAPTAIN CHARLES HARDING, on the point of speeding off to an important new appointment "somewhere in the East," gave an enormous farewell party with delicious drinks made of gin and cider. It happened in Lady Doris Gunston's big new flat in Mount Street, which has a large balcony. Miss Hermione Gunston is easily one of the loveliest of the just-grown-up girls, very unusual with luminous skin and eyes and an exquisite little figure.

Miss Rachel Berry was another of the attractive new girls there, also Lady Evelyn Patrick's daughter, Miss Sheila Graham. Lady Stanley of Alderley arrived when the room was at its most crowded, with a hubbub of happy talk going on. Miss Joan Haslip was wearing a lovely green hat; Mr. Nigel Cayzer was in blues ready for dinner; Captain Dudley Forwood was being as charming as always; Mrs. Senior was there, in black; Mrs. Rupert Ingleton-Webber had a purple bow in her fair hair; Mr. Jonkheer van Karnebeek (whose father has died since) and Mr. Philips represented Holland; and Mrs. Anthony Norman peered about with attractive short-sightedness.

Ceremony in Colchester

LADY WHITMORE, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Essex, opened a G.F.S. club in Colchester. It was blessed by the Bishop of Colchester, and Lady Whitmore made a speech. Miss Elfreda Sanders, J.P., Mayoress of Colchester, proposed a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mrs. Pelly of Theydon Bois, president of the G.F.S. of the Diocese.

The Bishop, who toured the building, was attended by the Rev. G. W. Boothroyd as chaplain, and others there were the Rural Dean, Canon G. A. Campbell, Brigadier-General F. W. Towsey, Mrs. D. L. Nicholson, Hon. Warden of the Club, and Miss Bewers, Hon. Secretary.

Evening Bulletin

THE Duke of Rutland was inspecting the form in one of the more deb-ridden night haunts. Miss Powsy Bodley was there; she

is the daughter of Captain Josselin Bodley, who paints. Baroness de Rutzen was another—she has lately been in Scotland having a course on welfare work in factories (a job Mrs. Valerie Bickford is doing efficiently). Also her brother, Sir John Philipps, up from Picton Castle in Wales where he is farming very vigorously, and Lady Carolyn Howard, still with plaster on her forehead, the remains of the sinus operation which invalidated her out of the A.T.S., in which her mother, Lady Carlisle, has an important position. She was Miss Bridget Ruthven, sister of the famous twins. Baroness Winterstein-Gillespie was another there.

Late Final

LATER still, Lady Errington was out dancing in a party which included Miss Belinda Blew Jones, who danced in stockinged feet because she said one of her shoes had eaten into her unbearably. Mr. Ashford Sanford, in the Blues, was putting in time before catching an early morning train. His wife, who was Miss Rosemary Lindsay, and children went to Australia at the beginning of the war—it is no longer the cosy refuge it seemed then. Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge looked as smart and piquant as ever, and Messrs. Roderic Fenwick Owen and Mark Grishotti were enjoying the cabaret, which was completed by the incomparable Al Burdett, back after a regretted absence. Captain Newbold, smart in blues with Hussar chain on the shoulders, was another reveller.

Here and There

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, who looks as smart and attractive in her St. John Ambulance uniform as most people do in carefully chosen mufti, was out one day in the spring sunshine. So was pretty Lady Erne; and, another day, Mr. Michael Hornby, whose whose wife is Lady Stavordale's sister. He has just been a fellow godfather with the Duke of Gloucester to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Galbraith's little son; the other godparents were Lieut.-Colonel J. Crabbe, Mrs. E. W. Brooke, Mrs. Cecil Feilden, and Lady Farquhar. Lord Annaly was among the people enjoying delicious food at Pruniers. His son, Luke White, who gets red hair from his mother's side—she was Lady Lavinia Spencer—is at Eton, and a very good cricketer.

(Concluded on page 88)



London Wedding

Captain Thomas Heron Hazlerigg, Leicestershire Yeomanry, and Miss Audrey Bates were married on March 28th at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the second son of Sir Arthur and Lady Hazlerigg, of Noseley Hall, Leicestershire, and his bride is the daughter of the late Major Cecil Bates and Mrs. Bates, of Oxendon Hall, Market Harborough, and Flinthill, West Haddon, Rugby.



Oxford Wedding

Johnson, Oxford

The marriage of Captain Colin Hunter, M.C., The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Hunter, of Glenfintaig House, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, and 187, Queen's Gate, S.W., and Miss Maureen Baird took place at St. Margaret's Church, Oxford. She is the only daughter of General Sir Douglas Baird, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O., and the late Lady Baird, of Palmers Cross, Elgin.



Greek Art Display in Aid of Allied Funds

Lady Crosfield has undertaken a collection of works of art of ancient and modern Greece, to be organised by the Greek Ministry of Information. She has offered her own collection of Greek embroideries, and is here seen showing some of the exhibits, which will be sent to displays for Allied funds in various parts of the country. Lady Crosfield, herself a Greek by birth, is the widow of the late Sir Arthur Crosfield, Bt., who died in 1938.



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
APRIL 15, 1942

Lydia: "Wouldn't it be nice to have a sort of album with the history of our marriage in it?"

The play opens on the evening of Tony and Lydia's seventh anniversary. Lydia has a present for Tony—an album which contains a complete record of their lives together since their first meeting on top of a bus, but Tony is too preoccupied with the latest edition of his advertisements to care about presents of any kind. (Constance Cummings and John Clements)

"Skylark"

Samuel Raphaelson's
Comedy of Marriage



"To the Kenyons"

A dinner-party is being held by the Kenyons to celebrate the occasion. Their guests are Bill Blake, uninvited but welcome (Hugh Sinclair), host Tony (John Clements), hostess Lydia (Constance Cummings), Myrtle Valentine (Valerie Taylor), Henry Valentine (Henry Longhurst), and George Gorrell (John Miller). In the foreground are Charlotte and Ned Franklin (parts played in the London production by Renee Gadd and Lloyd Pearson)



The Too-successful Husband, Tony Kenyon (John Clements)



The Disillusioned Wife, Lydia Kenyon (Constance Cummings)

In H. M. Tennent's presentation of *Skylark*, at the Duchess Theatre, Constance Cummings plays the part which Gertrude Lawrence created so successfully in New York, and in which Claudette Colbert has already been seen in this country on the screen. The play is a light comedy based on marriage after the first seven years. Constance Cummings is, of course, the wife, John Clements her husband, while Hugh Sinclair gives a convincing performance of the mannerless but fascinating divorce lawyer, Bill Blake. The play is directed by Benn Levy (Miss Cummings's husband) and William Armstrong

Myrtle: "Oh, please don't bother to show us out"

The party has not been a success. Myrtle Valentine, wife of Tony's most influential client, is displeased (John Clements, John Miller, Valerie Taylor and Henry Longhurst)



Photographs by
John Vickers



The Big Business Man's Wife, Myrtle
Valentine (Valerie Taylor).



The Other Man—Bill Blake
(Hugh Sinclair)



Lydia: "Two—make advances to Lydia"

Tony, in pretending he has lost his job,
actually does lose it. Once more, the
Kenyons face impecunious days, but this
time Lydia has a recipe for happiness
(Constance Cummings and John Clements)

Lydia: "Bon voyage, pal"

Tony has given up his non-stop pursuit of business success. Bill is no
longer necessary. (Hugh Sinclair, Constance Cummings and John Clements)



Myrtle: "Who are you, anyway? A nobody from a squirt
college in Boston"

The morning after the party brings an unexpected visit from Myrtle
to find out just what was going on between Lydia and Bill Blake
in the garden the night before. It is an occasion for feminine home
truths and no mincing (Constance Cummings and Valerie Taylor)



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"FLASH IZZY" BERNFIELD and a Mr. Sunshine (? né Sonnenschein), slung recently into the cooler for five and two years respectively for big-scale Black Market operations, strike the most plangent note so far in that swelling tone-poem of melodious names—how tuneless our homelier Island criminals' monickers ring in comparison—which is making the police-court records sound like an echo from *The Blessed Damozel*:

... whose names
Are such sweet symphonies:
Rubsy, Grabovitch, Bungwasser,
Schweinkopf and Vögelweiss.

A keen musician has suggested to us already that Walton, Bax, or Vaughan Williams ought to orchestrate the weekly Black Market conviction-lists. Maybe Flash Izzy deserves a full-scale tone-poem to himself on the lines of Elgar's *Falstaff*, jaunty and rollicking in spots, but full of masterly psychological penetration, noble beauty, and—when the dicks ultimately put the old finger on him—pathos. The more lively revue boys seem to be missing their chance; in World-War I. there was a simple, pleasing item in one of the shows showing a group of prosperous guttural patriots rising to sing "Gott save Oldt Englandt," full of pep and zing and enjoying every minute of the war. That's what revue is for, unless we err, lously.

Reflection

THERE'S no need, however, to be rude, as the Parisian columnists and revue boys were when an exotic gentleman named Schrameck and resembling a tapir bobbed up from nowhere into one of the more fantastic Third Republic Cabinets a few years ago and tried, unsuccessfully, to prohibit the annual national procession in

honour of St. Joan of Arc. Him they exhibited and described as a wart-hog, among other things; also featuring his photograph, rather cruelly. The M.C.C. would never permit that sort of thing here, and rightly.

Sybil

A CHAP who suggested recently that the Government might check the monstrous horde of Press astrologers, necromancers, crystalgazers, and other warlocks, seers, and charlatans by imposing an Excess Prophets Tax might have added that one witch to every English village, as formerly, would seem a fair allowance.

Some of these crones have had a rough passage. Gilbert White, of Selborne, records that the aborigines of Tring (Herts.) experimented with and drowned "two superannuated wretches, crazed with age" in the village horsepond in 1751. (Why the enquiring Tring populace never experimented on some of the rich women who till recently took that fashionable orange-juice slimming cure in their midst we can't imagine. Wow! What a temptation!) Most other rural witches have died of old age long since or joined the P.E.N. Club, we guess.

The English village witch satisfied rural superstition, which never dies, believe it or not, and was relatively harmless, which is more than can be said for that astrologer who was recently advising his dupes to take it easy on a certain day, or night, because Saturn or somebody had it in for them. Where does Regulation 18B come into that? we asked ourselves.

Change

IDOLS with Japanese radio-sets in their jewelled heads have been found in Buddhist temples in Burma; suggesting to the thoughtful mind the satisfying technical



Ronald Seave

"He keeps on forgetting which war it is"

job. Kipling might have made of the Road to Mandalay, so extensively quoted in past weeks by the Fleet Street boys, had he been of this generation.

We guess the radio-set in the blinkin' idol's 'ead on which the little Burmese Fifth Column sweetheart would be a-tappin' ruddy memos, in the intervals of toying with her soldier boy, would have been—in a prose follow-up—a No. 5 portable Harikari-Heimholtz 1500 G.H. superwave high-tension, with carbohydrate isobars and alternate interlocking triple-weave Rumbel snifter-valves gyved on a diamond-point flashproof Klang 5000-H.T.P. commutated aerodyne gyro-rotor swinging in reversible hylaminum gammits, for Slogger Kipling, always fascinated by such things, would have spared us nothing. Though maybe we're wrong. In a world dazed and enslaved by machinery he might have turned on his idol by now like the rest of us and cursed it. Anyway he is gone, and his world is gone too.

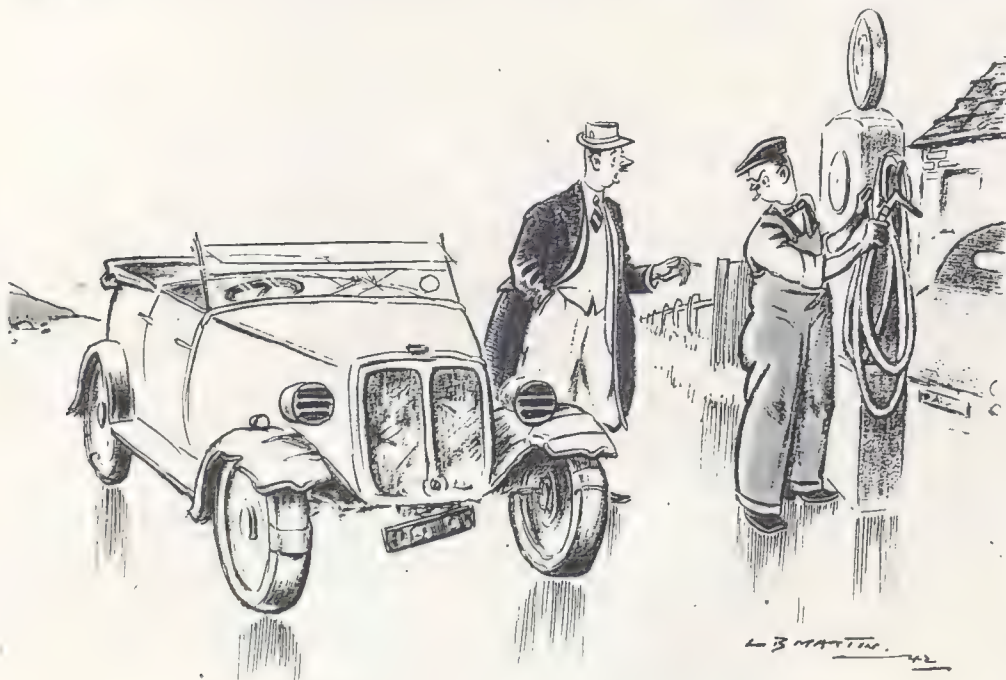
Do you ever realise how completely Kipling's East—not to speak of Kipling's West—has vanished already? The India of the Sahibs seems now as fantastically remote as Babylon, or the Moon, or Maugham's Malaya, and Left-Wing Home Ruler Pandit Jawaharal Nehru is an Old Harrovian, like Kipling's cousin, Earl Baldwin. Tie that, as the actress said to the stockbroker.

Doomsters

WHILE the Southern Irish continue defiantly to provide the Empire with fresh Stonyhurst V.C.s, the Manx, smallest dimmest, most dubious unit of all the Celtic family, don't seem to be taking much interest in this war, judging by that recent refusal to adopt conscription which moved their Governor to cry shame.

Our information is that their old Celtic nerve has been shattered by the Manchester business men who for generations have used the Isle of Man as a playground. The case of Aberystwyth, the Welch Naples, is similar. Broken dull-eyed men, the once gay and licentious natives of Aberystwyth shamle along their sea front and rarely let out a spiritless squawk. The ravishing *contadine* of the district have left off their romantic traditional costume—fancy blouse, skirt, and spectacles—and go drably,

(Concluded on page 78)



B. Martin

"One gallon and a strong piece of string, please"

The Men in Her Life

Based on the Novel "Ballerina"



The dancing of little Polly Varley, London slum child, to the music of tin plates, enchants the members of the circus company (Loretta Young and Billy Rayes)

Loretta Young has one of the most dramatic roles of her career in the film version of Lady Eleanor Smith's *Ballerina*, now at the Leicester Square Theatre. As the internationally celebrated danseuse of the mid-nineteenth century, Lina Varsavina, Loretta tours the capitals of Europe and America. Her elaborate costumes and gowns match in magnificence the receptions given in her honour. Six months before production of the film started, Loretta went into strict training with her ballet instructor, Sergei Temoff. Fortunately the fundamentals of ballet were already known to her, for her first ambition was to be a dancer. The picture is directed by Gregory Ratoff, who himself plays a small part. With Loretta are Conrad Veidt, Dean Jagger and John Shepperd as "the men in her life." Otto Kruger and Eugenie Leontovich (Mrs. Ratoff) are other distinguished players



Sir Roger Chevis (John Shepperd), a young English nobleman, falls in love with Lina. He proposes, but Lina, grateful for all that the old dancing-master has done for her, marries Rosing (John Shepperd and Loretta Young)

After Lina's farewell performance in New York, David brings their daughter round to Lina's dressing-room. Lina is overjoyed to hear that Rose wants some day to become a dancer. Reconciliation with David follows, and we are left with a traditional happy-ever-after ending (Loretta Young and Ann Todd)



Stanislas Rosing, a retired dancer, interests himself in the progress of young Polly Varley. He accepts her as a pupil and for years Polly submits to the stern routine and discipline of the old master. Her final debut as Lina Varsavina captivates all Paris (Conrad Veidt and Loretta Young)



Rosing dies in New York and Lina marries a wealthy American, David Gibson (Dean Jagger). They have a child, Rose. But the marriage is not happy and Lina and David part. David is given the custody of the child, since he insists that Lina's dancing keeps her too much away from her daughter. Lina decides to marry her old love, Sir Roger Chevis, but Roger is killed in an accident (Dean Jagger and Loretta Young)



Standing By ...

(Continued)

tweedily clad, shuddering when some big booming wave reminds them of the high-coloured playboys in the Palm Court. Like Manxland, Aberystwyth has weakly given in. Compare Blackpool, which has always faced up with a roar to all comers and knocked them socko, the jolly old tart, or mopsy.

There's a moral somewhere, but we can't be bothered to hunt it up.

Wind

SCOURGE of North Africa, the Khamseen will soon be blowing over the Libyan sands, an authority reports, scorching both armies with its searing breath ("searing" is ours).

As winds go, it is not so actively lethal, a traveller tells us, as the Föhn, the warm Swiss south wind which releases the

avalanches and kills off Alpinists, or the parching Harmattan, which moves over Guinea in a choking blanket of red fog, or the burning sandy Simoon, which suffocates the Asiatic desert aborigines. The hot Sirocco, swooping from Africa to rout Italian daydreams, and the Mistral, the cold howling north-wester which sets the teeth of Provence on edge, are relatively minor trials you probably know and disapprove as we do. The Mistral is sent to scourge that grey-green aromatic paradise, we guess, to remind the gracious natives, speaking the loveliest tongue on earth, that they have to die just like the natives of Leeds. It also sharpens those strange mystical powers some Provençal peasants, packed with primeval wisdom and strange lore, possess even nowadays.

Contretemps

WE once told a rich red-faced City man on the train to Marseilles that the spirits of the Provençal-dead visit a ravine near Les Baux, visibly to some, once every year, and he said, "Oh, yes?" kindly



"I won't marry you, John—but I'll always remember your good taste"

Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland

The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



"One of those moments when Minnesota seems a heck of a long way"

dismissing foreign superstition, and we then lit three cigarettes from one match and he screamed in angry terror and would not speak to us again, saying we did it deliberately, which was true. It must be fun to be a rich red-faced City man, but not much.

Harbinger

THE first *Times* reader having dutifully reported hearing the first chiff-chaff, it is clear that the first cuckoo is at this very moment resentfully awaiting Mr. Barrington-Ward's order to launch Spring, 1942, powerless to rebel and muttering cucullan oaths.

The cuckoo has his revenges. Fooling *Times* readers by imitating him is an old and easy Arcadian joke which has also appealed to scores of musicians, from Daquin to Delius. No other dumb or feathered chum, even the nightingale, has featured so much as a solo act, though Strauss imitates dogs and sheep, Rimsky-Korsakov and Vaughan Williams imitate wasps, Mendelssohn gives Bottom a hearty bray or two in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, Wagner allows a thousand tiny tittering birdies to comment on Siegfried's brassy hike to the Rhine, and in 1929 Hindemith even brought a little actress carolling in her bath into his noisy comedy-opera *Neues vom Tage*, maybe hoping to see a *Times* letter from some bird-lover beginning "Sir,—Walking last night past the Kroll Opera House, Berlin, I heard the characteristic note of the Lesser Crested Guffin. Is not this somewhat of a record?" If Hindemith expected this, he was disappointed in his frantic and indelicate endeavour. But the cuckoo is always a safe bet and has brought confusion to a thousand rectories.

Meditation

NO musician has yet interpreted the feelings of the first Spring cuckoo on hearing the far-off characteristic honk of its first *Times* reader. A choking note, we surmise; bewilderment and embarrassment swelling swiftly into annoyance, protest, anger, misery, and grief, and ending on a dull thud.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Fred Daniels

Yoma

Charles B. Cochran's
Discovery
in "Big Top"

Yoma is a Dutch girl. She was born twenty-four years ago, and from the age of twelve has been giving solo exhibitions of dancing in her own country. She first came to England in 1936 to study at the Jooss School in Devonshire. When she subsequently appeared at the State Theatre, Amsterdam, she was given an overwhelming reception. In *Big Top* Yoma will be seen for the first time on the London stage. Cochran predicts a great future for her. "She has a *genre* as individual as Tilly Losch," he says. For two of her dances, "The Annunciation" and her South American dance in the finale of one of the acts, the music has been written by Mr. Clifton Parker specially for Yoma.



Family Portraits



Marcus Adams

The Marchioness of Tavistock and Her Son
The wife of the Duke of Bedford's elder son and heir was formerly Mrs. "Brownie" Hollway, and is the daughter of Mr. John Bridgeman. She married Lord Tavistock as her second husband in 1939, and their son, Lord Howland, was born just over two years ago. His Christian names are Henry Robin Ian. The Tavistocks are living at Pink Cottage, Chalkhouse Green, near Reading.

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Lyttelton and Her Sons

Marcus Adams



In 1931 the Hon. Richard Glynne Lyttelton married Miss Judith Clive, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Percy Archer Clive, M.P. The Hon. Richard Lyttelton is Viscount Cobham's younger brother, and an uncle of Captain the Hon. Charles Lyttelton, who announced his engagement in December to Miss Elizabeth Mekeig-Jones. The Richard Lytteltons have two small sons, Spencer Clive and Thomas Glynne.

The Hon. Mrs. Theodore Hawke was formerly Miss Griselda Bury, and married in 1933 the Hon. Julian Stanhope Theodore Hawke, only brother of Lord Hawke. She is the daughter of the late Captain Edmund Bury and of Mrs. Carrick. Her husband is a Flight Lieutenant in the Auxiliary Air Force, and Mrs. Hawke is herself a member of the Cheshire Constabulary Auxiliary Mobile Unit and a representative of the Women's Land Army for an area in the county. She has two little girls, Sarah and Katharine.



Compton Collie

The Hon. Mrs. Pritchard and Her Family

The Hon. Mrs. Pritchard is the wife of Captain Charles Hilary Vaughan Pritchard, Royal Welch Fusiliers. She was, before her marriage in 1935, the Hon. Mary Patricia Monck, younger daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Charles Monck, killed in action in 1914, and she is a sister of the present Viscount Monck. Her eldest daughter, Susan Katharine Vaughan, was born in 1936, and the twins, Mollie Cecilia Vaughan and Patricia Nesta Vaughan, in January last year.

The Hon. Mrs. Theodore Hawke, Sarah, and Katharine





Navana

Lady Goulding and Lingard

Sir William Basil Goulding, Bt., married in 1939 Miss Valerie Hamilton Monckton, only daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, K.C.V.O., M.C., K.C., and Lady Monckton, and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Colyer-Ferguson, Bt. Sir William Goulding, who succeeded his father in 1935, is a Pilot Officer in the R.A.F.V.R. He and his wife have one son, William Lingard Walter, who will be two years old in July



Bassano

The Marchioness of Huntly and Her Daughter

The Marchioness of Huntly was, before her marriage in 1941, the Hon. Pamela Berry, and is the only daughter of Lord Kemsley by his first marriage. Lord Huntly is the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Gordon, C.V.O., D.S.O., and succeeded his great-uncle five years ago as the twelfth Marquess, and is the Premier Marquess of Scotland. He is at present serving in the Gordon Highlanders. The Huntlys' daughter, Lady Lemina Gordon, was born in December last year



Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Michael Asquith and Annabel

Mrs. Michael Asquith was married four years ago to the elder of the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith's two sons. She was Miss Diana Battye, and is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel P. L. M. Battye, M.C. Mr. Asquith is a grandson of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith, and through his mother is a grandson of the ninth Earl of Wemyss. Little Annabel Asquith was born in 1939

The Hon. Mrs. James Philipps and Her Family

The wife of the Hon. James Philipps was, before her marriage, the Hon. Elizabeth Kindersley, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Kindersley. Her husband is the third of Lord Milford's four sons, and is a Major in the Royal Artillery. Mrs. Philipps was photographed with her three children, Penelope, Peter and Daphne, at their home, Stondon House, near Brentwood, Essex

Compton Collier





Mr. Jocelyn Hambro and Miss Sylvia Muir were married on March 28th at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Mr. Hambro, who is a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, is the eldest son of Mr. R. Olaf Hambro, of Linton Park, Kent, and his bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Muir, of 3, Grosvenor Square, W. Miss Muir was given away by her father, and the best man was Captain T. Gore Browne, Grenadier Guards

The Hambro—Muir Wedding

At St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Captain and Lady Mary Harvey were wedding guests. She is Lord Leicester's younger daughter, and was married in 1910. Her husband is in the Scots Guards

Having some refreshment after the ceremony were Lady Jane Nelson, wife of Major John Nelson, and Mr. Christopher Bridge. Lady Jane is the elder sister of the late Duke of Grafton

Captain and Mrs. George Brodrick were a young couple at the wedding. He is Lady Middleton's only son, and married Miss Mhari Gourlay in 1910



Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hambro brought their two children, Theresa and David, to the wedding. Mrs. Hambro was formerly Miss Elizabeth de Knoop, and her husband is managing director of Hambro's Bank



Lieut. and Mrs. Adair Wigan were with Miss Anthea Gordon at the reception. The Wigans were married soon after the outbreak of war; she was Miss Dawn Gordon, and Mr. Wigan, who is in the Coldstream Guards, is Captain and Mrs. Denis Wigan's only son





Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Lady Moyra Weld-Forester

Lady Moyra Rosamond Weld-Forester, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ossory, was married in April 1940, to Lieutenant Charles Weld-Forester, son of the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Weld-Forester. Her husband is a cousin of Lord Forester and a grandson of the first Marquess of Lincolnshire. He is in the Rifle Brigade, and was wounded and taken prisoner during the defence of Calais in June 1940, less than two months after his marriage. Lady Moyra is at present working at a London packing centre for prisoners of war. Her father, Lord Ossory, is the elder son and heir of the Marquess of Ormonde, and through her mother she is a granddaughter of the late Lord de Ramsey

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Nec Aspera. . .

THE sovereign recipe when you are riding at a place that is all claws and teeth is not to look at the roots, but over the top thorn and keep your chin well tucked in, for thus you will minimise the risk of breaking your neck. Your hands in your lap, sit as still as a mouse and, above all, do nothing which will cause him to change his leg or get out of his stride. If you do these things it is almost any odds that you will land the other side and bounce away light as a tennis ball. If you don't, anything may happen to you, and it will be only your own fault. I think that the greatest emphasis should be laid upon the advice not to hop about like a pea on a drum, and anyone who has never been on a horse in his life can put this to a quick test. Try carrying even a very light weight pick-a-back, and if he sits still, you will find you can get along far quicker; if he wriggles about he will both stop you and make himself most uncomfortable. The Australians are a race of horse-men, quite first class, and I somehow feel that this little metaphor will appeal to them.

Fairyhouse

THE Irish Grand National unhappily evades me, because of the dates which Easter imposes upon the illustrated press. At the time of writing, however, the Irish prophets are making Mr. J. V. Rank's Prince Regent, the top-weight, favourite in preference to both St. Martin and Golden Jack, who is one of Miss Dorothy Paget's two representatives. Personally I still believe that St. Martin is the best steeplechase horse in Ireland, and how good this is no one needs to be told. He was absolutely anchored by the heavy going at Leopardstown in the Red Cross Chase, but by now the going must have improved, and

I feel that he has the best chance of anything in this race. Prince Regent was also unlucky in the Red Cross Chase, for he had the result absolutely in his pocket when the bad going grassed him at the last fence, and the unfancied Durbar had then only to canter home. Prince Regent recently won with 12 st. 7 lb. over the severe Baldoyle course; but he had nothing very much with the exception of Golden Jack behind him, and so, of course, his favouritism is quite understandable. Fairyhouse is a real test, with every possible class of obstacle, including many of the regulation type, banks, water; a drop and an obstacle which they call an up-fly, which means that you've got to come out of the depths and get over the top on a higher level. I have always thought that Fairyhouse was quite as severe a trial as our own course at Aintree, for there, at any rate, in spite of what they say about the slight drop at Becher's, it is all on the level. Anyway, I feel sure that they must have had a great contest. [P.S. and stop-press:—Just as this goes into the insatiable maw of the printer, the result arrives: Prince Regent, 1. Golden Jack, 2. St. Martin, 3.]

Cinnamon and Sandalwood

AND as your vessel comes round the heel of that beautiful, scented island of Ceylon you will get a waft of the cinnamon and sandalwood even when the ship is many miles off the shore, provided the wind is coming off the land. It will give everyone, who has ever been to Ceylon, a physical pain to think that this fairyland is now in danger of pollution by the Eastern counterparts of the foul inhabitants of Mitteleuropa. I expect that, like many thousands of other people, I have spent some of the happiest days of my life in Ceylon. The cinnamon, sandalwood and cedar scents are not the only thing; she is girt by whispering



D. R. Stuart

Two of the Bomber Command Boys

Sq. Ldr. F. J. Lucas, D.F.C., and Wing Commander R. Saucy-Cookson, D.S.O., D.F.C., are both well-known bomber pilots. Sq. Ldr. Lucas, a New Zealander, is known as "Pop-Eye." He has taken part in over sixty raids on enemy territory with a New Zealand squadron

palms which at night are transformed into fairy torches by the fireflies, and when there is a full-sized eastern moon and the sea is purring placidly it has been known to have had almost as peculiar and devastating an effect upon the impressionable as that other land of enchantment, Kashmir. However, this all depends upon the other person, or persons, with whom you may be. To think of the Grand Oriental, the Galle Face, Mount Lavinia, and another very good hotel at old Point De Galle, a place to which not quite so many people may have gone, that other charming hotel, the Queen's, at Kandy, and the many good abiding spots at Newara Eliya on the plateau below Adam's Peak being invaded by the savages of Hong Kong makes one sick in the stummick. Beautiful Colombo Harbour, beautiful in spite of the sharks, even more beautiful Trincomalee, which is on the other side of the island! Let us hope that we are



Winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup

Lord Seston's French-bred gelding, Medoc II., winner by eight lengths of the three-mile steeplechase for the Gold Cup at the National Hunt Meeting, was trained by Reg Hobbs at Ronehurst, Lambourn, and ridden by H. Nicholson. He is seen above with Reg Hobbs, Mrs. Hobbs, H. Nicholson, and Mrs. Nicholson



Captain and Mrs. T. O. Jameson enjoyed a cigarette between races. Captain Jameson is the well-known Hampshire cricketer. He married in 1920 Miss Joan Musgrave, elder daughter of the late Sir Richard Musgrave, of Tourin, Co. Waterford



Sporting Personalities at Leopardstown Races

Mrs. John Cunningham and Mrs. Peter Rawlinson watched Mr. H. O'Leary's British Raid winning the Foxrock Chase. Mrs. Cunningham is the wife of Dublin's Dr. John Cunningham. Mrs. Rawlinson's husband is in the Irish Guards



Mr. and Mrs. Bertram O'Reilly Ballymote, Carrickmines, Co. Du. both well known and popular Irish sporting circles, found opportunity for comparing notes between races. Mr. O'Reilly is man of John Power and Se

Pool, Du



THE TATLER
BYSTANDER
APRIL 15, 1942

D. R. Stuart

A Day Off With the Guns

Wing Commander J. M. Southwell and Sq. Ldr. E. A. Warfield managed to get a good day's sport during recent leave: They took Judy, the station mascot, with them. Sq. Ldr. Warfield, who used to race for Miss Betty Carstairs in Canada, won the World Trophy for motor-bout racing in Estelle



Officers of a Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment

(Front row) Captains F. J. Reed, B. K. Favelle; Major T. A. Davis; Captain E. G. Benn (Adjutant); the Commanding Officer; Majors A. T. Burlton (Second-in-Command), B. A. Hannaford; Captains G. A. Gardner, G. Tilly. (Second row) Rev. E. I. Morris; Lieut. and Q.M. T. Holloway; Lieuts. D. A. McAllen, C. F. M. Gay, P. F. Jenkinson, E. G. Cooke, A. F. Black; 2nd Lieut. R. E. Smith; Lieut. P. B. Watson; Captains A. C. Maughan, F. S. Smith; Lieut. G. Green, R.A.M.C. (Third row) 2nd Lieuts. J. G. Smith, I. C. Barber, M. T. V. Shaw-Lawrence, W. E. Walrond, P. R. Springett, H. W. Bottrill, M. A. Whayman, L. E. Schuman, J. Furniss, J. L. Flutter, J. R. Wilson. (Back row) 2nd Lieuts. J. G. McGrossan, K. J. Bray, B. Hamsher, R. G. Westworth, C. W. King-Church, F. P. Bellamy, D. B. Innes, H. E. Buckland, J. Maxted

going to be able to keep the yellow-dogs out, and that some day people will be able to go back, and, if particularly good sailors, go to sea in one of those fishing-smacks called catamarans which have an outrigger upon which, when they are on a beam wind, one man, two men, three men perch according to the strength of the blast. These narrow little vessels are best before the wind and, handled by the experts, are extraordinarily fast. The only time when I went out in one I was strongly advised to keep my legs inboard because Mr. Shark has a great liking for white meat, and, of course, the whole sea coast is absolutely stiff with these unpleasant monsters. I remember upon one occasion when I was out for a blow of ozone on the Colombo breakwater, there was a German ship making out of the harbour. She was only about 150 yards away from where I was standing, and I saw two of her crew suddenly jump overboard. The heads were visible for less than a couple of minutes, and then they disappeared. There can have been only one explanation.

Idlin'

IN that branch of the junior service which it has been stated in print is officered exclusively by the aristocracy with a mentality "not very foreign to that of Potsdam," there is a crime called "Idlin'," and there is, I believe, an entry in the Crime Sheet of at least one Guardsman which reads: "Idlin': firing in the presence of the enemy." The occasion was a battle in the last war in which Guardsman Smith loosed off a single round a second or two before the zero hour. For that he was "put in the book," which means in other regiments not so imbued with the Potsdam poison, "on the mat." Not very long after this I was at a playhouse where the drama concerned a sportsman who was a laggard in love. The house must have been full of some of these petrifying Potsdamers, for the cry at once went up, "Idlin' lovmakin'! Put him in the book." Needless to say, it made the actor jump to it. So whatever some people may think about a Potsdam mentality, it only too obviously has its uses. After all, even at its worst, this rigid discipline cannot even approach the cruelty of making people swallow a whole boxful of liver pills.

The Dilatory Immortal

IN view of what has happened, and still is happening on his "manor," it would seem to be about time that the Twelfth Imaum, called Mohadi (Mohamet), got a bit busy. It has always been believed in the East that this saintly personage is not dead, and is destined to return and combat The Disrupter before

the "consummation of all things." Mohadi is at Medina; the other dilatory immortals are at various other places: Charlemagne the Carolingian at Aachen, or at Odenberg-Hesse, or Untersberg, near Salzburg, where he waits, crowned and armed, ready against the time when Antichrist (*en passant*, a fellow-countryman of his) has had enough rope given him to hang himself; Barbarossa, the Red Beard, Frederick I. of Germany (1121-1190) at Kyffhausen in Thuringia, where he sits at a stone table with his six knights "waiting to deliver Germany from bondage"; Arthur is at Glastonbury, Desmonds of Kilmallock, Limerick, under the waters of Lough Gur, sitting on his charger ready and willing; Mansur in the bowels of some unidentified volcano; Merlin, the Prince of Enchanters, under an

aged hawthorn bush at Drummelzier, a village on the Tweed; and "Thomas the Rhymer," laziest of them all, in the Eildon Hills in the Buccleuch country over which so many people have had such fun in happier times. Thomas, the Merlin of Scotland, is said to be still "keeping company" with the Faerie Queen, who has not let him off the chain these many long years since the thirteenth century, because the world has not, in her opinion, been sufficiently convulsed. I wonder whether the events of the passing hour will make her and Thomas alter their views? The only one of any consequence of these "waiters" I think I have left out is Sebastian I. of Brazil, who is also stated to be very much alive, and crouching to spring. I think that all these gentlemen might get a gait on.



Mentioned in Despatches

The late Lieut. Christopher St. George Sundius Hill, of the Royal Marines, has been posthumously mentioned in despatches for resource and bravery when H.M.S. Barham was lost off Sollum on the afternoon of November 25th, 1941. Lieut. Hill was the younger son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. P. Hill, of Birnam, Hassocks, Sussex



He Commanded the Campbelltown

Lieut.-Commander S. H. Beattie commanded H.M.S. Campbelltown, ex-destroyer of the United States Navy, which, loaded with five tons of high explosive, rammed the dock gates of St. Nazaire. Members of the crew were taken off after the ramming by motor-launch, but so far Commander Beattie has not returned. Berlin radio claims that he is a prisoner

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Adventure

IN his *Hernán Cortés* (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.), Señor de Madariaga has retold one of the adventure stories of the world. The invasion and conquest of Mexico by five hundred Spaniards was a tour de force, above all, of audacity. It was one of those acts, at once inspired and reckless, that come off—though sometimes at how great a cost! Hernán Cortés not only conceived the idea, but indomitably carried the action through. It was he who inspired and led the Conquistadores. In this one great man lay the spring of the enterprise.

Señor de Madariaga's life of Cortés is as much a psychological as a historical study. The great man of action too often goes down to posterity as a rather abstract and inscrutable figure. While his achievements are evident, his personality—in the more inside sense—often remains a mystery. This very mystery is, however, fascinating to the artist (or, more strictly, to the creative writer), who is interested in reconciling the apparent inconsistencies of a character and in tracing behaviour to its source. Our own Elizabethan dramatists, at the height of England's days of adventure, took as their subjects the world's adventurers, and, in subtle and violent poetry, showed them from the inside. Marlowe built a long play about Tamburlaine. And had the two men not been so near together in time, and (still more important) had anti-Spanish feeling in England not run so high, what a hero for Shakespeare Cortés might have made!

It is possible that a hangover from the sixteenth-century jealousy between Spain and England—neck-to-neck in exploration and conquest—may have gone some way to keep, for English lovers of prowess, Cortés less prominent than he should be. We have tended to under-rate the Spanish achievement, just as we have tended to lay stress on the Conquistadores' cruelty and rapacity. It takes a surprising number of centuries for national prejudice to evaporate. (We can now admire Julius Caesar, for instance, across a really safe distance of time.) In our attempts to evaluate Hernán Cortés we are, again, up against the deep temperamental difference between England, as expressed in her men of action, and sixteenth-century Spain, as expressed in hers.

In fact, both the personality and the achievement of Cortés do need to be, in a sense, *translated* to us. And Señor de Madariaga, knowing both Spain and England, is pre-eminently suitable for this task. He has shown us, in picturing Cortés's greatness, that common denominator in all heroes and leaders, whatever their race. At the same time he points out, and accentuates, those things in the man's make-up that were peculiar to Spain. And he paints in, behind the figure of his adventurer, not only a visual, but an ideological

picture of the proud, hardy, subtle, fanatical, polished and forceful Spain that gave Cortés birth.

Hidalgo

HERNÁN CORTÉS arrived at his achievement in a manner at once peculiarly Spanish and peculiarly his own. And he was, as Señor de Madariaga makes clear, not only a man of his country, but a man of his time. He was a Renaissance figure, and the Renaissance ideal—of human expansion, of the power in man to realise his own powers—dominated him. His spiritual and ruthless nature was cast in the Spanish Catholic religious mould. He saw his Church as literally militant; his conquests were made in the name of Christ, and in all the places his army took he had crosses, like flags, stuck into the ground. He could reconcile hardness brought to the point of cruelty with the Christian call to general brotherly love. His campaign as subduer of Mexico showed at least no more inconsistencies than the religious Cromwell's campaign in Ireland. Both generals used methods de rigueur in their day: you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs.

Cortés was a hidalgo—an armed Spanish gentleman. His family and his family background had much in common with that of Cervantes' hero, Don Quixote—plain living and high tradition in the small town of Medellín in the Province of Extremadura, Spain. His parents—who in the long run proved indulgent—were fair representatives of their austere and proud type. He was born in 1485; at the age



Swaine

The Late Captain Guy Dollman

Captain Guy Dollman, who died on March 21st at the age of fifty-six, was a man of rare gifts. A well-known authority on Zoology and an accomplished artist, his works included many publications, principally on African and Indian big game, and his paintings were frequently exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of Oil Painting, and elsewhere. He was deservedly popular as a lecturer, and his encouragement to the young was an inspiration. His kindness of heart, wit, and great personal charm will live on in the memories of all who knew him.

of fourteen he was sent to the University of Salamanca, where for two years he studied law. (To this early start was afterwards to be traced his extreme punctiliousness, and his wide-awakeness, in every matter connected with documents.

Unlike the ordinary soldier, he was to show a marked respect for the inkpot.)

Returning to his home town before he was seventeen, he was next, as a restless adolescent, to try conclusions with love. Running cat-like over the Medellín roofs in the dark, on the way home from an amorous visit, he slipped and got a bad fall that laid him out for some time. And this was not to be the only occasion on which a love-episode was to halt his career. To the end of his days, Cortés showed himself a generous, if casual, lover of women. Only the pressure of his ambitions kept them from wasting more of his time.

Leaving Medellín, which grew too small, he roved Spain. He was looking for a campaign with which to throw in his lot. At the ports, the triumphant returns of adventurers from the Indies gave point and fed fire to his own dreams. At the age of nineteen, financed by his parents, he sailed for the Spanish Indies: the ship lost its bearings, but was led by a dove into the harbour of Santo Domingo.

Of Santo Domingo, and the sister colony Cuba, Señor de Madariaga gives a fascinating account. Here Spanish civilisation had rapidly reproduced itself—and, alongside, the Spanish faculty for intrigue. The scene was, for Cortés,

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IN the gay days, before the World War to end war—which didn't; when the comfortably-off were enjoying their Millennium—and didn't know it (which, I suspect, is how we all live through our Millenniums!), there used to be a social custom called "Spending a Long Day." A guest arrived in the morning and left by the last train.

As a day it did indeed seem very long, usually, especially after lunch. One couldn't take them round the garden twice, one couldn't repeat the usual house inspection, and one visit to dogs or horses is quite enough for any visitor. And, if the visitor were female, she had no further interest in anybody else's new clothes, once she had discovered that there wasn't a "trick" unknown to her. So, although we never really learned the lesson, it did teach us subconsciously the truism: how often the nicest moments of a visit are the arrival and departure! In between there are many tedious interims, when from sheer politeness we have to be gay over nothing. And that can pall badly when the last train doesn't leave until nine o'clock in the evening!

After the World War to end war—which didn't—a long day was superseded by a week-end, and this was no improvement! All the same, as most people possessed cars one could yank them round the countryside after lunch and maybe turn them loose on the nearest golf-course, which kept them quiet for a long time. Nevertheless, Monday morning usually came to all concerned as something of a relief!

Nowadays, of course, we can't yank them anywhere, for, indeed, there is nobody to yank! People are far too busy, and those who aren't are usually so insufferable with their talk of Food and War that nobody wants to invite them at all to anything. After the war we shall very probably be still too busy. Or we shan't be able to afford a car and the golf-course will not yet have recovered from being a market garden; while the dolled-up will live under perpetual suspicion of being once related to a Black Market. And we shall still have to wear out old clothes and no longer worry about who people are so long as what they are is congenial. In fact, we shall create our own barriers without having them created for us. Long may it last, sez I! Because social conventionalities—unless, of course, they spring from politeness of the heart—are gaudy, profitless botherations.

Metaphorically speaking, it is nice not to be obliged to dress up for God and the opera. It will be pleasant when the family who can afford three servants against other people's one lady "char" doesn't upset the whole street. I dare say most of us will be happier too. Our lives won't be so overlaid by that glittering foolishness which too often meant boredom spurred on by a misplaced ambition. We shall be more ourselves, and because other people will be more themselves, too, we shall make more enduring contacts. And life will be simpler and more worth while because more simple. There is nothing like sorrow and pain and loss to make us revalue the valueless—if you know what I mean.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Robbins — Mason

Major John Denis Robbins, The Middlesex Regiment, son of the late D. R. Robbins, and Mrs. Robbins, of Cyprus Avenue, Finchley, married Joan Mary Mason, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mason, of Stevenage, Herts., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.



Drewe — Negretti

Lieut. Adrian Francis Drewe, R.E., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Drewe, of Broadhenbury House, Honiton, Devon, married Joan Elizabeth Negretti, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Negretti, of Worplesdon Place, Guildford, Surrey, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Worplesdon.



Loram — Swenerton

Captain A. G. E. Loram, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, and Barbara Henrietta Swenerton, daughter of the late B. Ross Swenerton and Mrs. Swenerton, of Amersham, Bucks., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton.



Foy — Cleverly

Captain John Kenneth Foy, Lancers, elder son of the late Captain M. V. Foy and Mrs. Foy, of Doves, Shalbourne, Wilts., and Ursula Mary Cleverly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Cleverly, of Kingswood Hanger, Gomshall, Surrey, were married at St. James's Church, Shere.



Borthwick — de Kantzow

Richard Quentin Borthwick, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Borthwick, of New Barns, Southwick, and Catsfield Manor, Battle, married Vivien de Kantzow, younger daughter of the late Commander A. H. de Kantzow and Mrs. de Kantzow, of Southwick, Hants., at St. George's, Hanover Square.



Harington — Williams-Freeman

Major Charles H. P. Harington, M.C., The 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. H. Harington and Mrs. Harington, of 72, York Mansions, S.W., and Victoire Marion Williams-Freeman, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. P. Williams-Freeman, of Lymington, Hants., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton.



Clear — Sykes-Wright

Earland Clear, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Clear, of Westfields, Hambledon, Hants., married Barbara Sykes-Wright, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Sykes-Wright, of Northfield, Droxford, Hants., at Droxford Parish Church.



Gillchrest — Scott

Samuel C. Gillchrest, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Gillchrest, of The Islands, Cookham Dean, Berks., and Joan Gilbert Scott, younger daughter of the late Dr. Sebastian Gilbert Scott and Mrs. Gilbert Scott, of 6, Bentinck Street, W.1, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton.



Skillern — Frost

Captain A. R. J. Skillern, The Royal Fusiliers, only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Skillern, of Holmbury, Barrow Road, Streatham, married Frances Margaret Frost, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Frost, of New Malden, Surrey, at Christchurch, Gypsy Hill.



Boldero — Masterman-Wood

John Leslie Boldero, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. G. Boldero, of Frognal, Hampstead, married Eleanore Mavis Masterman-Wood, daughter of the late Dr. J. L. Masterman-Wood and of Mrs. Joan Masterman-Wood, of Oxford, at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford.

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 73)

About

ADY IRIS O'MALLEY was out, looking lovely with long, fair hair, very tall, the goddess type. The Bankier twins were around the town: "Mick" at the Dorchester, where he was talking to Mr. Gavin Vernon Black, and "Pip" (Mrs. Margot Sandys) at that jolly haunt of old and young, cosily known as "the Nut," where Mr. Peter Crabbe was again to be seen in great form. More daytime people were Mr. Theyre Lee-Elliott, who paints pictures of the ballet so beautifully, Kathleen Lady Domville, in a gay red hat made of pseudo flowers, Mrs. Constant Lambert, very cute in St. John Ambulance uniform, and Mrs. Don Byrne, the novelist's widow, intelligent and charming.

Ballet

THE last day of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, afternoon and evening, was an uproarious success, like every first, middle, and even thirteenth day. The company are now to have a well-deserved fortnight's rest, before another short tour, and then a welcome return to London, with some nice revivals—Dante Sonata, *The Gods Go A Begging*, and *Rendezvous*, in which the girls and boys wear pink and blue bows respectively, like babies. The last matinée was a marvellous performance of *Giselle*—the silly tragicness of young girlhood superbly done by Margot Fonteyn, whose faultless dancing is, unusually, allied with a personality and acting power only to be found once in a generation, if the generation is lucky, and *Comus* which can be seen again and again with increasing pleasure. Miss Moyra Frazer is a young member of the company doing well: her queen of the Willis and Sabrina were excellent.

War Booklet

STEFAN KLECZKOWSKI, once Warsaw correspondent to the *Daily Mail*, has written a booklet about Poland and Britain, much of which is a resumé of Poland's past, including her musicians, painters, poets and philosophers. Chopin and Paderewski are probably the names (out of a long list) most familiar in this country. There is an equally long list of wars and upheavals: Poland's place on the map is enough to ensure that. The names of all the important people are terribly complicated, with prevailing "c's" and "z's." Apparently, the Polish General Staff gave the French General Staff full details about German invasion strategy and tactics, but they were dismissed while everyone crouched lazily behind the Maginot Line.

Pictures

THE National Gallery is showing additions to the Tate Gallery collection: it is a soothing thought that picture-collecting has gone doggedly on through these last few tiresome years. There are some lovely Blakes, Sickerts, and Johns; more modern riots by Matthew Smith, whose "Peaches" are another excuse for painted apoplexy, and Graham Sutherland, whose wriggling dream snakes are called "Green Tree Forms."

Slip-Up

PROMOTIONS these days follow so rapidly in many cases that it is sometimes difficult to keep pace. No excuse, however, for describing Flight Lieutenant R. F. Ridgway, R.A.F.V.R., as a Flight Sergeant in our issue of April 1st. Our apologies to both Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Ridgway.



Johnson, Oxford

A Christening at Oxford

This photograph was taken after the christening at Hertford College Chapel, Oxford, of Lieut. and Mrs. P. J. Orde's daughter. In the group are the godparents, Miss Sanchia Whitworth and Mr. Christopher Cash, and Lieut. and Mrs. Orde and the baby. Lieut. Orde is an Oxford fencing blue

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

already too limited and too tame, and he affronted the Santo Domingo bigwigs by announcing that he would not be staying long. He did, however, mark time for some years, learning, both through his post as official notary and his profession of gentleman farmer, much about colonial administration. Always on the look-out for a big break, he became secretary to Diego Velasquez, Governor of Cuba—whose jealousy for the rights of his own position was only curbed by the laziness of fat man.

In the atmosphere of intrigue and counter-intrigue, Cortés's relations with his chief were to become stormy: he was at one time within sight of the gallows. How Cortés, under these conditions, succeeded in getting command of an exploratory expedition to the South American mainland (still, to the Spanish, a legendary and almost fictitious realm), Señor de Madariaga only just makes clear. With ten ships, a force of five hundred men, and the unavowed intention of shaking off Cuban authority as soon as possible, Cortés set sail in 1519. His pilot serving him well, he landed—to challenge an Empire.

Mexico

THE Mexico that these Spaniards confronted not only appeared impregnable; it had an ancient, ornate and mystical civilisation of its own—a civilisation of glittering ceremonials and dark rites. The Emperor (it was Montezuma who now reigned) was also arch-priest of a religion whose priests were butchers: on the heights of pyramid-temples human sacrifices were offered to the terrible-faced gods whose festivals spaced out the Mexican calendar. The treasures in gold and jewels exceeded hearsay. White buildings gleamed on green, rich plains; the cities surrounding temples were set in gardens; the City of Mexico, heart of the Empire, was beautifully terraced up on its island in the lagoon—an island that vital causeways approached.

It took a Renaissance figure, the subtle and hardy Cortés, to measure what he was up against. Himself the child of a Church whose temporal power was strong, he was empowered to take a particular line of attack. Moreover, Fate played into his hands: it happened that the Emperor Montezuma had been for some years troubled by signs and portents—a comet, unaccountable fires. The return of a god was expected, and rumour soon had it that the white-skinned, fair-bearded Cortés was himself that god. This belief slowly gained on the Emperor, and accounted for his spellbound passivity—he allowed the Spaniards entrance into the city and delivered himself as a prisoner into their hands.

But the first Spanish entrance into the City of Mexico was, though in itself almost disconcertingly easy, the climax of a long advance inland that had been fantastically arduous. Judgment as much as valour had carried the adventurers on their way. They had had to go forward, for there was no return: Cortés, having sent back one ship to report to Spain (his first completely defiant act towards Cuba), had settled all vacillations in his army by running the nine other ships aground. Here, at first, were five hundred fighters with no base and with very limited supplies. They set out to gain bases, supplies and supporters by allying themselves with Indians of other cities who resented the Mexican rule. New allies joined them upon their march, and their god-legend preceded them.

Cortés marked his advance by imposing laws of his own. Implacably, he opposed human sacrifice. Temples dark and stinking with human blood were cleaned out, whitewashed and filled with roses, among which the Virgin Mary's picture stood up. Overpowering presents of Indian ladies were accepted on condition that the ladies were first baptised. The Spaniards then treated their unofficial consorts with the respect due to their native rank.

If the first conquest was a series of triumphs, it was to be followed by a severe reverse. The god-legend broke down, and Mexico rose to throw the invaders out. The second conquest was a grim and bloody affair, with a high toll of Spanish deaths and dreadful fates for those taken alive. Cortés not only saw this through, but had later to rebuild and administer a Mexico prostrate after the war. His way was not made easier by disaffection and jealousy among his own Spaniards, angry intervention by Cuba, intrigues in Spain. From Spain, Charles V., the King-Emperor, to whom Cortés had dedicated his conquest, for two years vouchsafed not one encouraging word.

The story of Cortés and Mexico has more aspects than I can touch on here. Señor de Madariaga appears to have done justice to them all. The reader will find his book as rich in drama, excitement, strangeness as the Spanish found Mexico full of gold.

Home Life

AFTER all this, *English Domestic Life* (George Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) makes a grateful breather. Mr. L. A. G. Strong has made an anthology, to this title, from the English novelists of the last two hundred years. As domestic life is one of our national fortes—our prime and accepted subject for both pathos and humour—Mr. Strong has had a wide field and has done well. We begin with a scene from Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, and end with extracts from contemporary novels. The passage of time shows changes in family manners. This amusing selection of Mr. Strong's should set discussions going.

Small Town

"CALAMITY TOWN," the latest Ellery Queen (Gollancz; 8s.), is a first-rate study of American small-town mentality—much is dragged to the surface by a scandal and crime that occur in the leading family. The effect of town rumour on a sensitive, proud girl is very effectively brought out.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

This is the time when the fashions have to be studied from many angles. They must be simple, nevertheless distinctive, and of such a character that they may be worn on different occasions, and in the future be remodelled. Jacqmar, 16, Grosvenor Street, is particularly successful in this respect. The ensemble below may be seen in these salons. The frock is a study in red and white, showing a Noah's Ark design. The sleeves are short, while the collar and cravat are softly draped, and on the long black coat spider-web stitching is introduced. This firm is particularly successful in creating original ideas. This is very noticeable in the tailored suits. Here also are to be seen the "slogan" scarves, the latest being "England Expects," while the first was "London Wall." Many notable people regard them as mascots



Spring is ever associated with new hats. The majority of the new models cast becoming shadows across the face, softening the unkind lines that winter has written on the skin. The two pictured come from Gorrings in the Buckingham Palace Road. The one at the top, although decorative, is simple, and is of fine navy blue straw. The wings are made of ostrich feathers worked to resemble chenille and a veil completes the scheme. The other model is stitched and draped with broche ribbon, and is destined for the rather older woman. It is available in a variety of colour schemes, while its aspect may be altered by changing the trimming. A fact which cannot be too widely known is that this firm excel in felt hats for sports and country wear



Harvey Nichols

of Knightsbridge



In grey "Vimore," a new Tunic Suit trimmed gold buttons and gold braided belt. Note: flattering new coat line length.

This very feminine Coat Frock in navy wool has a tucked collar and front in pink check muslin. Perfect for Spring and right on through Summer.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

SOME young soldiers stationed near a country village were scrounging round a farm one Sunday morning. They had collected quite an amount of prizes, which made their haversacks bulge, when they ran into the farmer.

One Tommy, with more presence of mind or cheek than the others, said: "Good morning, sir. Is there a short cut back to camp without going round the road? Could we take that footpath, for instance?" "You might as well," replied the farmer grimly. "You seem to have got everything else."

PRIVATE JONES had had twenty shots at the rifle range, and all had missed the target.

"What are you doing?" yelled the sergeant. "What's the explanation of this disgraceful performance?"

"I don't know," replied Jones, dismally, "they're leaving this end all right."

AN official, completing the records of a young woman volunteer for war service, asked who was her next-of-kin.

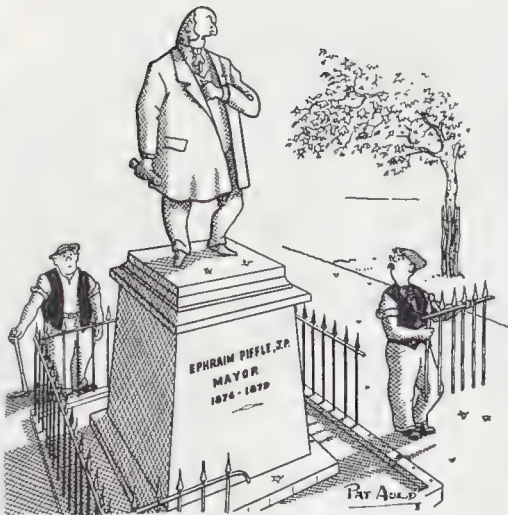
"I haven't any," she said.

"What!" said the official, "no father, mother, aunts, brothers, sisters, uncles?"

"No," she said, and then, after a pause, she added doubtfully: "There's my husband, if he'll do."

FOR some time some strange birds had been following the ship, and one woman got curious, asking everybody all sorts of questions. At last she approached the captain, who had suffered from the lady's curiosity before. He turned to the first officer and asked plaintively: "Can you say where those birds come from?"

"Eggs, sir!" was the prompt reply.



"Oi! Put 'em back!"

THREE men were sitting in the parlour of a country inn, having spent a good time together. Suddenly a large rat ran across the floor and scuttled out of sight. All three saw it, but no one said a word.

At last one of them could stand the tension no longer. "I know what you fellows are thinking," he shouted. "You think I saw a rat, but I didn't!"

As the express thundered through the wayside station a door burst open and a passenger fell out. Fortunately he landed on a heap of sand, and wasn't injured.

"Now what am I going to do?" he asked the porter who came to his aid.

The official picked up the ticket which had fallen out of the victim's pocket.

"You're all right, sir," he replied casually. "This ticket allows for a break of journey."

THERE was once an enterprising tailor who had never been known to acknowledge that he had anything a customer might ask for. One day a man asked if he had any trousers made specially for one-legged men.

"Certainly," replied the tailor. "What kind do you want?"

"Dress trousers," said the man, "the best you've got."

Hurrying to the rear of the shop the tailor snatched up a pair of trousers and snipped off the right leg with a pair of scissors. Hastily turning the edge he presented the garment to the customer.

"That's the sort of thing. What's the price?" The tailor told him.

"Well, give me a pair with the left leg off."

A TEACHER asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "result" and "consequence."

A bright child replied: "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

AN admiral—and a stickler for uniform—stopped opposite a very portly sailor whose medal ribbon was an inch or so too low.

Fixing the man with his eye, the admiral asked: "Did you get that medal for eating, my man?"

The man gulped, and replied: "No, sir."

"Then why the deuce," barked the admiral, "do you wear it on your stomach?"

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Concentrated Resistance

A FEW weeks ago I talked with an officer who had some knowledge of what had been happening at Malta. It called for a revision of views as to what air bombardment can do and what resistance can be offered to it. For Malta is a mere speck, a drop in the ocean, a point in space. Against it the German air force brought imposing strength. Bombers poured down upon it day and night, fighters escorting them. There was no peace for the inhabitants in the light or in the dark. Even London did not know such concentrated venom. Yet Malta resisted. It upset all the theorists; it disappointed the higher command of the German air force, it annoyed the believers in bombing; it threw theory out of gear.

Here was a small target against which an enormous concentration of force was contrived. A mere calculation of weight of attack against time and area proved that Malta might last a day or two, but could not possibly last longer.

The captains and crews of the earlier German bombers knew they would have to face strong opposition when they set out to bomb Malta. Those making the later German bombers expected that opposition would be less. There was a clear—but unrealised—expectation of the diminishing power of the defence. Instead the defences grew in strength and resilience. The tonnage of anti-aircraft shell fire cast up from that little island increased. It became more and more dangerous for enemy machines to venture in the vicinity.

Finally I was told that Malta had become the most strongly defended position against air attack in the whole of the British Empire. It was not so defended when war broke out. All the guns and equipment and ammunition had been sent since then by sea.

Time and Space

ALL of which makes us once again review the question of bombing. I must confess that, to the ordinary and admittedly partially addled observer from the outside, such as myself, our bombing policy is a mystery.

When it seems that we have learned that bombing is not much good unless you keep it up on the same place for two or three months on end, we switch from one place to another weekly or even nightly. Do we suppose that our bombs are so many times more efficient than the German?

When it seems that our losses are such that time must be set aside for rest and recovery between the periods of intense activity, the Air Minister gets up and trumpets forth a boast that we are going to bomb Germany more heavily than ever.

Such statements must be assumed to be made on the best advice, but they are a negation of normal reasoning. The distances for our airmen are not as great, the targets are half as dense. How can it be, then, that our leaders suppose that we can hit Germany more heavily than Germany has hit us?

Let me remind our Service and political heads that many of the citizens of Great Britain have personally experienced bombing. They are not gullible novices in this matter. Londoners, for example, were bombed with an average of 200 aircraft for eighty-five nights, with only two nights without an attack among them.

Can it be expected that people who have had those experiences will accept it that a German city which has been raided four or five nights running by force about the same strength has suffered equally? Really, our air leaders sometimes appear as if they themselves were not among the much-bombed people of 1940.

Balance

ONE other thing is always to be remembered and it brings me back to our and brilliant Malta. It is that a people can stand much more bombing without excessive nervous tension (with Mr. Morrison watching I do not like to use the term "demoralisation") if they see and know the defences are built back with fury and effect.

We are all stimulated and encouraged when guns and fighters go into action to repel the invading aircraft. It is only when—over a period of weeks—defending guns and fighters produce little effect that we become rather tired.

Malta has seen its guns and its aircraft rushing in to challenge the enemy effectively. It has seen and known the gallantry of the pilots of the Hurricanes and—now—of the Spitfires as well. It has admired and gloried in the stubborn devotion to duty of the crews of the ships which have brought in more supplies, more aircraft, more ammunition so that Malta may keep up the fight.

The Lesson

WHAT is the lesson? It is, surely, that even concentrated bombing on a small target area by huge forces can fail to shut down that area when the defences are also concentrated and stubborn. It is almost possible to say that the defence has caught up the offensive in air war, and that it is possible to hold a place for an indefinite period under the most furious attack provided that the supplies of ammunition are maintained, the guns numerous enough and the people in the right spirit.

Looking more broadly at the matter we may say that concentration is fortification. It is the fashion to refer to Clausewitz and to quote his views if they had eternal validity. But surely it is time that we looked more closely at events of to-day, and especially at events in Malta where the most concentrated enemy air attack has been held for so long.

Footnote

IN a sudden spasm of enthusiasm for verbal reform, the Air Ministry—so I heard—said that aircscrews were in future to be called propellers in the Service. The reason given was that the word "aircrew" could easily be confused with the words "air crew." It was not a good reason and I believe that the Air Ministry immediately afterwards the order or instruction or whatever it was, was withdrawn. So we are still allowed to use aircscrew as the generic term with propeller tractor aircscrew as two of the particular forms.

Perhaps in future the Air Ministry, before making changes in terms will consider those who have been using those terms for long periods, and who know the quibbles and the arguments on both sides.

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